

# Ah! Well a day poor Anna

A favorite Song Sung at

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

(25 Cts)

Printed by B. Carr & sold at his Musical Repository's Philadelphia & N. York & by I. Carr Baltimore

Andante con molto Espressione

Fair ANNA lov'd a rustic Boy, and  
William was the Shepherds name in him was center'd all her Joy, For  
her he glow'd with equal Flame his cru- el Fa-ther knew he lov'd, and  
forc'd him o'er the Seas a-way A-lone and sad poor AN-NA lov'd and

thus sung out Ah! well a day, Ah! well a day well a day well a day, Ah! well a day  
sigh fond Heart sigh fond Heart sigh fond Heart, but do not break  
Exp. vo  
deep in love deep in love deep in love but dare not speak

2

A wealthy Neighbour woo'd the Maid,  
His gold the sordid Mother won,  
The gentle ANNA thus betray'd  
Was forc'd to Church & was undone  
Returning back she met her Love  
Ah! William dear she fondly cried  
May you a happier fortune prove  
She press'd his Hand — She sigh'd & died  
Ah! well a day, well a day, Ah! well a day  
Gentle Hearts too soon will break  
Deep in Love who dare not speak.



For the GUITAR

Con molto Espressione

Andante

Fair AN-NA lov'd a rus-tic Boy and

William was the Shepherds name in him was center'd all her Joy, For

her He glow'd with e-qual Fame His cruel Fa-ther knew he lov'd, And

forc'd him o'er the seas a-way Alone and sad poor AN-NA rovd and

thus sung out Ah! well a day Ah! well a day well a day well a day, Ah! well a day

sigh fondHeart, sigh fondHeart, sigh fondHeart, but do not break

deep in Love deep in Love deep in Love but dare not speak.

2

A wealthy Neighbour woo'd the maid,  
His gold her sordid mother won  
The gentle ANNA thus betray'd,  
Was forc'd to Church & was undone;  
Returning back she met her Love,  
Ah! William dear she fondly cried,  
May you a happier fortune prove,  
She press'd his hand She sigh'd & died.  
Ah! well a day, well a day, Ah! well a day  
Gentle Hearts too soon will break  
Deep in Love who dare not speak.

Ah Well a day, Poor Anna

Where shall the wretched He the deceiver who could win maidens breast ruin

I leave her In the lost battle Borne down by the flying - where

mingles wars rattle With groans of the dying E-lee-lo-ro E-lee-lo-ro then shall

the be-lying

Her ring shall the eagle's beak But the

false hearted His warm blood the wolf shall lap her life de-parted Shame & dishonour

out By his grave - ever sleepings shall hallow it. Never - O - never

E-lee-lo-ro E-lee-lo-ro Never O - never.